The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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CONTENTS OF NO. 8.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN 97
HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH 97
THE AMENDE HONORABLE 99
A SKETCH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN 100
THE STILL HOUR 103
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 104
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL: TEACHING OBEDIENCE . 105
NATURAL HISTORY: WINTER PENSIONERS . . . 106
JOHN MILTON 108
HOME RELIGION 109
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN 110
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE 112
IMPORTANT NOTICES 112

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FROM THE COMMEMORATION ODE BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote;
For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to Heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in fate.
So always firmly he;
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour
But at last silence comes;
These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH

HEBREWS xi. 4.—"*He, being dead, yet speaketh.*"

Jesus, speaking to his disciples, said, "It is expedient for you that I go away, for, if I go not away, the Comforter will not come to you; but, if I depart, I will send him to you." I suppose he meant that they had been leaning on him while he was with them, but that after he was gone they would learn to lean on themselves and on God. And so it is with every good influence, which is first lent to us, and then withdrawn. While with us, it is an outward guide, support, comfort, and joy: when it goes, it comes back as an inward inspiration. While alive it speaks to us from without, through our senses: being

dead, it still speaketh from within, through our soul.

When Jesus said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," he foresaw the power which death would bestow. The Cross would become a throne, from which he would rule the nations. So it came to pass. A great reformer like Jesus, who shatters old institutions, shows the emptiness of time-honored customs and the falsehood of creeds, is surrounded while he lives with a cloud of misunderstanding, prejudice, hatred. He dies: the outward power which men dreaded disappears, but the inward life remains. The active influence they hated is gone: the heavenly truth and love which were within become manifest, and draw all men unto him.

While Abraham Lincoln lived, he was the object of hatred, contempt, and scorn to great multitudes in America and England. But, when he fell, the assassin's bullet destroyed in a moment all these misconceptions, and revealed him as the great, true soul he was, —patient, faithful, long-suffering, tender, generous, wise, prudent, and utterly devoted to his country. The voices of hatred and slander were silenced at once and forever. All over the world reverence and love took the place of obloquy and derision. One English writer said, "Within the compass of our isle there is not room left for one single enemy of Lincoln." And one of the finest poems of modern times, a poem full of contrition and magnanimous confession of error, appeared in the English paper, *Punch*, on the death of Lincoln.* So Lincoln by his death was lifted up, and drew all men unto him.

So it is that death brings into full light whatever is good in man. It makes all beauty permanent.

Perhaps, when I applied to Lincoln the words which were first uttered concerning Jesus, you may have felt as if those words were too sacred in their association with the Master to be properly used by any other. But I used them purposely. Jesus was a representative man. He stands for human nature in its highest and purest form. He is the Son of Man, an example of the working of humanity and its laws everywhere. He is the first fruits of the best human experience. We fail of learning the lesson he teaches if we set him so far apart as to think his life different from ours. He is our brother, tempted like as we are, yet without sin, in all points made like his brethren. We can only fully understand ourselves by the study of his life, only fully understand his life by the experiences of our own.

* The poem follows this sermon.

The death of Christ has been made mysterious in its influence, unique in its quality, having a supermundane agency, acting on God to make him placable. The atoning death of Jesus has been believed to illustrate not the power of human love, of love everywhere to make reconciliation for sin, but of some special power only given to Christ. But I believe that Christ's death was eminently a reconciling one, as all death is reconciling. He did not die to reconcile God to man. The Scripture nowhere says this. God does not need to be reconciled. He reconciles us to himself. By the sacrifices and gracious offerings of the saints and martyrs, God brings back his lost and wandering children to himself. Every good man who dies in the cause of truth and right gives his life a ransom for many, and helps to bring a lost world to God. They, in going, soften hard hearts, lift us to a higher plane of being, and take us out of selfish aims and purposes. A holy calm comes into our souls as we look on the still face of him who has lived for duty, and died in the midst of a genuine life. Thus the death of every good man is like that of Christ, and helps to reconcile the world to God.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh." What a power they have, the immortal dead, to sustain, animate, and bless us! What would the world be without the dead, who have gone up and on? Their memory is a perpetual inspiration. They are the chief treasure of the world. What would our life be without that "glorious company of apostles," that "goodly fellowship of prophets," and that "noble army of martyrs"? The apostle Paul calls all Christians saints. Not that all are now perfectly pure and holy, but that all who sincerely love God and desire to do his will, all who are "pure in heart," all who "hunger and thirst after righteousness," all who are followers of Jesus, loving him and seeking to be like him,—all these have in them the power and principle which makes them belong to the company of saints. All are one in Christ Jesus.

The world above us is full of this great company of the good and noble, the pure and true, who have gone on. They have left behind the shadows and stains of earth. With the earthly body they leave the sad inheritance of ancestral sin, the depraved tendencies in blood and brain coming from a long past. At least, let us hope so. Paul seems to teach this when he speaks of that which is sown in corruption, but raised in incorruption; sown in weakness, but raised in power; sown a natural body, but raised a spiritual body. Here the corruptible body

weighs down the soul: may we not hope that there we shall be unclothed from this, and clothed upon with something higher? We may become again as little children, again enter into the innocence, the faith, the trust, the love of childhood. Retaining our knowledge, and not losing the genuine acquisitions of earthly experience, we may be as little children in the presence of the higher powers, the majestic intelligence, the seraphic insight of that nobler world.

And what is the occupation of that state? Must not Christ be still the leader and the centre of new activities? He does not sit on the right hand of God to enjoy his own glory: if he did, he would not be the Christ whom we know and love. The bliss of his heaven must still consist in seeking and saving the lost, in being the Mediator of the divine love to those who are afar off. And those who have gone up, the whole company of saints, are and must be engaged in the same work. Heaven cannot be a place of personal self-gratification, but must bring an opportunity for getting and giving more of good. The angels and the dear ones gone from our midst have not gone afar off. They have not deserted us. They do not turn their faces from the earth in absorbed devotion to the Almighty; but, the more they receive of divine love, the more they are filled with human love. In going up, they do not go away.

We do not ask these saints to pray for us, but we may believe that they pray with us and help our prayers. God is as near to us as to them, and we do not need their intercession on our behalf. God is not like a king, to whom we can only be introduced by the lord chamberlain, and who can only be approached by the right officials. He is close to all our hearts. We can come closer to him than to any saint in the calendar. His infinite greatness involves and implies an infinite power of communion with the lowest of his creatures. But, in proportion as the saints and angels are like God, they also can come near to those below them with a like loving sympathy. The higher they go up, the more are they able to come down to be with us and to help us to come near to God.

How idle, then, and how vain the fear which many have, that those who have gone up before us into a higher state may have gone up so far, and gone on to such a degree, as to be separated from us, so that we may not be able to find them again! That would be no real progress. The greatest souls are those who have the largest sympathy with all other souls, those who are the most accessible, those who can enter by sympathy into the needs of the lowest. Who ever came so near to the lowest sinner as did Jesus himself? That is what astonished the apostle Paul, and is expressed by him in that remarkable passage in Philippians, so strangely mistranslated, where we are told in our former version that it was a proof of Christ's humility that "he thought it not robbery to be equal with God." What Paul really says is that Jesus was the most divine of men, the most like God of all mankind, yet that he laid no stress on this Godlikeness, he made no claim to human reverence on this account, but was just like any other man in his intercourse with men, unpretending, affectionate, sympathizing, and finally was willing to die an ignominious death in the cause he loved. And hence, adds Paul, Jesus went up because he was willing to go down. He has become the most conspicuous figure in history, and has secured the homage of mankind by not thinking anything about that homage, but only of the good of his fellow-men.

Thus they speak to us, the noble, the immortal dead. Thus death speaks, purifying and ennobling life. Let us think of them all, the good and great, as near, as helpful, as loving, and as still more than ever our own. They go away outwardly to return inwardly. They leave the world of the senses to come near in the inmost life of the soul.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain,—

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *You*?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind, of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work,—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,
As one who knows, when there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights,—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,—
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years,
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood,—
Till, as he came on light from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accursed! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the Martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

—*From Punch, April or May,* 1865.

A SKETCH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

No such place has been occupied in modern history as Abraham Lincoln was called to fill. Singularly fitted by his character and experience for his great work, his whole life seemed to have been a preparation for it. We needed a man in that trying hour who should be prudent but decided, cautious but firm,—a man of supreme good sense, a conscientious man, but no enthusiast or fanatic. We needed one around whom the whole loyal people could unite, therefore, one against whom no prejudices existed, and not an extreme partisan of any creed. The Northern people were broken into many parties. There was New England, strongly Anti-slavery and Republican; the Middle States, leaning to the Democratic party, and filled with men who disliked abolition; the Border States just on the verge of secession, and only to be kept in the Union by a firm, yet kind, hand.

An Anti-slavery man would have made a large part of the Union men indifferent and neutral. An old-fashioned Whig would have killed the enthusiasm of the Anti-slavery North. Although at the beginning of the war, and for a long time after the beginning, no steps were taken by the government toward the emancipation of the slaves, though General Frémont's proclamation of emancipation in Missouri was modified by the President so as to make it inoperative, and though General Hunter's emancipation order in the South was also annulled by Lin-

coln, yet the Anti-slavery men, though grieved, still adhered to him.

Lincoln was patient, hopeful, determined, wise. He was one of the people, and knew them well. He had that instinct of humanity which alone enables a man to measure public sentiment. Trained in poverty and hardship, he was not easily discouraged by difficulties. With a heart tender as that of a woman, he had a cool, calm brain. At the root of all was "the strong-siding champion, conscience." Whatever might happen, in evil report or good report, he was determined to do his duty, and he did it to the end. A sad man, on whom the burden of responsibility weighed heavily, his quick, rugged humor furnished him a little distraction and relief.

Some hitherto unpublished anecdotes of Lincoln's early life in Springfield, throwing light on his character, were communicated to me by one of my old Kentucky friends, who was also one of the oldest friends of Lincoln, Judge Speed, the Kentucky farmer, who, though a slaveholder, was an utter unbeliever in slavery, and whose slaves were set free by his children at his death. One of his sons, named Joshua, went, while quite young, to Springfield, Illinois, and there kept a country shop. Abraham Lincoln, who had recently opened his lawyer's office in the town, came into the store one day, and said: "Mr. Speed, I have put a bedstead in my back office, and now I want the *furniture* of the bed,—mattress, pillows, blankets, and sheets. I cannot pay you now, but I suppose I can when the next term of court is held." Speed, who knew him somewhat, told him the price, but added, "Mr. Lincoln, I have a large room and a large bed above my shop: if you like, you may come and stay there with me." "How do I get there?" asked Lincoln; and, mounting the staircase, with his saddlebags, deposited them in the corner of the room, and, coming down again, said, "Mr. Speed, I have moved in."

They lived together thus for five years, and became warm friends. When Lincoln was President, he selected a brother of Joshua, James Speed, who was an excellent lawyer, and also possessing the fine integrity of the family, as his Attorney-General.

I spent a summer afternoon with Joshua Speed at his residence in Kentucky, and he told me many anecdotes, showing some of the early traits of Lincoln's character. During all the time he knew him, he said that Lincoln was devoted to his profession,—conscientious, truthful, honorable. He indulged in none of the dissipations, still less in the vices, all too common in those days. He did not drink, and was temperate in all things.

Sunday morning, April 14th, 1861, Fort Sumter was surrendered by Major Anderson to South Carolina. Lincoln had then been President a little more than a month. On the 15th he issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand troops to enforce the laws in the States in insurrection. The war then began, which ended four years after by the surrender of Lee's army, April 9th, 1865.

Meantime the nation was ready to give all, bear all, and do all. Every prophecy of evil made concerning it failed. It had been said that no nation could carry on a civil war and at the same time allow free speech and a free press. We did both. The newspapers at the North which were favorable to the Confederates continued to be printed, and were allowed to say what they thought. Meetings were held to denounce the war, conventions were called to oppose the war, and the people who sat in them were allowed full freedom to speak. It was said that, when Mason and Slidell were taken, and there was such an outbreak of glad enthusiasm at the North, the American people would never consent to their being given up to England. When the nation found that this was the necessary thing to do, no opposition was made to it anywhere. It took place in silence. It was said that a free election of a President was not possible in the midst of such a war; but, when Lincoln's four years of service expired, another election took place, which was carried through as though it had been in the midst of profound peace.

It was said that a nation spending two million dollars a day in war expenses would soon become a bankrupt. At one time the paper money of the United States had depreciated immensely: nevertheless, we were never bankrupt. We never repudiated our debts. It was said that, if the South was conquered in the field, it would carry on a perpetual guerrilla warfare. But, when Lee and Johnson surrendered, the war came to an end. It was said that reconstruction would be impossible, that the Southern States were so hostile to the North that they would never come back; but we very soon saw them willingly taking their places in the Union, consenting to alter their constitutions to abolish slavery. We have seen a new prosperity, a new contentment come over the whole land. It was said that the enormous debt could never be paid off, but about half of it has already been paid.* It was said that the immense Northern army

* Written in 1884.

would never consent to be disbanded, but would reduce the country under military control; but, as soon as the war was over, the army melted away and disappeared, glad to return to private life and to take up its old occupations. It was said that, if the negroes were emancipated, they would not work, but would gradually die out; but at present the fear expressed is that they are increasing so rapidly that they will finally drive out the white people from the Southern States.

What gave this power to the people of the Union? Free schools, free churches, a free press, popular institutions. The people of the country knew that it was *their* country, that it belonged to them. They felt the immense benefit rendered to them by these free institutions. They had been educated by free schools to understand these principles: they had been taught in free churches to make sacrifices for the general good. They knew that the country was their common country, and that it must be defended and preserved for the common welfare.

A friend of mine once said to me during the war, "It does not now require any faith to see the presence of a divine Providence in our affairs: it requires only common sense."

It was a providential thing that we had such a man as Abraham Lincoln for President. If we had had a man who was more satisfactory to the Abolitionist and Anti-slavery party, he would not have united the whole nation. At any rate he would not have induced the Border States to remain in the Union. On the other hand, if we had had a man opposed to the anti-slavery movement, neither would he have united the nation. As it was, we had a man who in heart and conviction was opposed to slavery, but whose main object was to save the Union. He said on one occasion: "If the Union can be best saved by emancipating all the slaves, I am willing to emancipate them all. If it can be best saved by emancipating a part, I am ready to emancipate a part. And, if it can be best saved by not emancipating any, I will emancipate none." He did not go too fast, and yet he kept moving on. He knew the people. Every great statesman has been able to divine what the people need and want.

He took an immense interest in everything connected with the war, and he had that faculty which enables a man to make use of men different from himself. He could see the good in men of all sorts; in Seward, for example, who was a politician; in Sumner, a scholar and thinker. They both were great friends of Lincoln. He was also friendly toward Stanton, who opposed Lincoln in almost everything. He made use of them all for the purposes of the national life.

So, though Lincoln was thought to be slow at first, and though he was distrusted by many, he grew in the love and esteem of the whole nation, and also in real strength and power. At last he felt himself able to decide for himself, on the measures needed at the hour, forming his own conclusions and acting decidedly upon them. No one ever could take more to heart than Lincoln did the terrible burdens of the war. Some of our generals seemed to act as though they were going through a routine and needed not to trouble themselves much about their work. Not so with Lincoln. On him this awful struggle rested as a dreadful weight, and he would have been crushed but for three things. He had faith in the justice of God. He was a profoundly religious man at heart, though without any religious formality or cant. He had a strong faith, also, in free institutions, and was sure that they must ultimately triumph. Then he had a sense of humor and social sympathy which were often a help to him in the hours of greatest calamity. When he told his Cabinet that he had decided on issuing the Proclamation of Emancipation, he said that he had been waiting for the right time to come, and he was sure that the time had arrived. He had watched the sentiment of the people, and he was satisfied that the whole nation was prepared for this step. Then he added in a low voice, heard by only one person, "When Lee was driven out of Maryland, I promised my God that I would abolish slavery."

When General McClellan's army was defeated in the Peninsula, Lincoln said that he was about as inconsolable as any man could be and live.

Lincoln's humanity and sympathy were very great. There was a story told me by James Speed, his Attorney-General, to this effect. One day when he met Lincoln to consult him on some point, the officer on guard came in and said: "Your Excellency, there is a poor woman outside crying. She has been there two or three days, asking if she cannot see you." "Let her come in," said Lincoln. She came in and said, "Oh, Mr. President, I have three sons in the army. I am a widow. I had one son at home, and now he is dead. Won't you lend me one of my sons to carry on my farm and help support me?" "Well," said Lincoln, "I have three children: it does seem as though you ought to have one. Where is your son?" "Oh, sir, he is with the army at Fredericks-

burg." "What is his name, and with whose command is he?" When he had learned these facts, he sat down and wrote an order for the young man's discharge. The mother blessed Lincoln and took the paper and was going out, when Lincoln said, "Where are you going?" "Please, sir, I am going directly to Fredericksburg to get my son." "How do you expect to get through the lines to find him?" "The Lord will take care of that, so long as I have your paper." "I do not know," said Lincoln, "whether it is necessary to trouble the Lord about it: I can attend to that myself." So he sat down and wrote an order passing her through the lines and directing every one to give her the help she needed.

A gentleman who was in the office of Secretary Stanton told me that, when any soldier had committed an offence for which he was sentenced to death by the court martial, the sentence was never executed till the proceedings of the Court had been revised both by Stanton and Lincoln. Then it almost always happened that Lincoln wished to commute and Stanton to execute the sentence.

It is said that on one occasion, when it was thought that it was absolutely necessary that there should be a new Surgeon-General appointed, and Dr. Bellows was asked to go to Washington to urge the appointment of Dr. Hammond, he went, and had an interview with Lincoln, whom he found signing papers.

"Go on," said Lincoln, "I can hear you while I write." So Dr. Bellows made his plea with his usual energy. Lincoln kept on signing his papers. At last, after Dr. Bellows had got through and stopped, Lincoln said, "I like to hear you talk, Doctor; but I rather think Hammond has been appointed, at least a week ago." "Is that so?" asked Dr. Bellows. "Yes, that is so; but I thought I would like to hear your oration."

Finally, Lee was defeated by utter exhaustion, after making a grand military resistance during several years, and showing all the qualities of a great general. General Grant's persistency and ability at last were crowned with success, and so ended this war of giants.

Then came the assassination of Lincoln and the long period of reconstruction, in which a great many difficult problems were to be solved.

Who that was not then living can tell how, when peace came, the very air seemed full of joy, hope, and content! This feeling of the joy of returning peace, of re-established union, of the end of the great evil and danger of the nation, filled all hearts with a grateful sense of the Divine love.

No description can convey the sense of gratitude and gladness which we had, not only because peace had come and our sufferings and trials were at an end, but because peace brought freedom and union; because the country was once more to be united, and without the blot of slavery. Slavery was ended! The great danger and evil was gone, and the South itself in a little while was glad that it was gone. A few years after the war was over I went to the Sea Islands of South Carolina, to Charleston, and to Savannah, and I found scarcely a man, even then, who did not admit that it was the best thing for the Southern States to have slavery abolished. Though they had suffered so much in the process, they would not have it back. They admitted that the colored people were working well, and making great progress. I was told by a Boston gentleman that he had a conversation with two grandsons of Calhoun, who was the embodiment of the proslavery theory. He asked how many persons would be glad to see slavery re-established. One replied, "Not one man in a hundred," and the other said, "Not one in a thousand." "Well," asked my informant, "what would your grandfather have said to that?" "If our grandfather were now living, he would say the same thing," was the reply.—*James Freeman Clarke, in "Anti-Slavery Days."*

THE STILL HOUR.

OUR COUNTRY.

What words divine, of lover or of poet,
Could tell our love or make thee know it,
Among the nations bright without compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else and we will dare!

—*Lowell.*

It is disgraceful to be a stranger in one's own country, and to be unacquainted with matters relating to it.—*Minucius.*

To conduct great matters and never commit a fault is above the force of human nature; but to learn and improve by the faults we have committed, is that which becomes a good and sensible man.—*Minucius.*

You will do the greatest services to the state if you shall raise not the roofs of the

houses, but the souls of the citizens; for it is better that great souls should dwell in small houses than for mean slaves to lurk in great houses.—*Epictetus.*

Let no wise man be averse to undertaking the office of a magistrate: for it is both impious for a man to withdraw himself from being useful to those who have need of our services, and it is ignoble to give way to the worthless; for it is foolish to prefer being ill-governed to governing well.—*Epictetus.*

Apply yourself, therefore, with all your spirit and all your zeal, to that plan which you have already practised, that of loving the people which your country has committed and entrusted to your faithful care, protecting them in every way, and desiring that they should be as happy as possible.—*Cicero.*

But whoever enters upon public life ought to take care that the question, how far the measure is virtuous, be not his sole consideration, but also how far he may have the means of carrying it into execution. In this he is chiefly to take care that through indolence he do not meanly despond, nor through eagerness too much presume.—*Cicero.*

There is no surer argument of a great mind than not to be transported to anger by any accident; the clouds and the tempests are formed below, but all above is quiet and serene; which is the emblem of a brave man that suppresses all provocations and lives within himself modest, venerable, and composed.—*Seneca.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

1. "Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

Any one willing to pay freight on a barrel of magazines can receive the same by applying to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

For the following books apply to Mrs. Ellen O. Harrington, Lexington, Mass.: "Audrey," Mary Johnston; "Cricket on the Hearth," Dickens; "A Jolly Summer," Barrie; "Little Minister," Barrie; "Tanglewood Tales," Hawthorne; "Burglars in Paradise," E. S. Phelps (paper); "Three of a Kind"; "Flower Fables," L. M. Alcott; "Life of Samuel J. May"; Longfellow's "Poems"; "Poems," by Dinah Mulock; "Poems," by J. R. Lowell; "The Flying Dutchman," J. G. Saxe; "The Changed Cross," religious poems; Worcester's "Comprehensive Dictionary"; "History"; "Pronouncing Speller"; "Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene," Cutter; "Beginning German," Otto; "First Book in French," Pinney; "On the Threshold"; "Translation of the New Testament," Noyes.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I have six children. My husband is a laboring man We are trying to give our children an education, and we find it hard to get along. I have a boy and girl almost grown. I would like to get reading matter for them, but am not able. I have never asked for anything before. I would be so thankful for anything you could send. Mrs. J. F. Carpenter, Dover, North Carolina.

2. Dear friend, it has been a long time since I made a request to the dear little *Cheerful Letter*, although I have been taking and reading it for ten years, or perhaps longer. I would like some one to send the New Testament and Psalms, in large print. I had one that the Cheerful Letter friends sent me several years ago, but I recently gave it to an old gentleman that could not see to read finer print. I will give you the names of two little children that live out in the country. Their names are Alvin and Bertha Herring. Alvin, the boy, is about eight years old, and Bertha about six years old. Very poor school advantages, and no society at all. Please send them any kind of books suitable for them and their father, J. A. Herring, who would be glad of any reading. Their address is Newalla, Oklahoma, Route No. 1. A merry Christmas and Happy New Year for every one of you. Mrs. W. J. Hess, address me at Norman, Oklahoma.

3. It will soon be a year since I asked for any reading from *Cheerful Letter*. As read-

ing is my only pleasure, I come asking for some good novels, by Effie Adelaide Rowlands, or some of Mrs. Southworth's complete novels. I am very lonely as I am all alone, and shall be grateful for any good novel. I always pass them on. Mrs. M. Worden, 318 Cimarron Avenue, La Junta, Colorado.

4. Mrs. A. J. McQueen, Rowland, North Carolina, writes, "I should be very grateful if some one would pass on to me the *Youth's Companion*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Weekly Witness*, after reading, during 1909."

5. If any one has William Hunt's "Talks on Art" that they are willing to pass on, will she please notify Mrs. W. B. Nichols, Quincy, Mass.?

6. Mr. Matt Crabtree, Troy, Kansas, R. F. D. 1, would be glad of good magazines or stories.

The following books are asked for by Mrs. Annie F. Hudson, 2 Maple Place, Jamaica Plain, Mass., for use in the Home Study Work: "Civil Government," Fiske; school dictionaries (either Worcester or Webster); United States histories (not too ancient); writing copy books; "A Speckled Bird"; "The Dairyman's Daughter"; "St. Bartholomew's Eve"; "The Young Francs-Tireurs"; "Pendennis"; any of Henty's books (for a mining camp)

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. W. F. Galloway, from Dover, to Hobgood, Halifax County, North Carolina.

Mrs. Sylva Wilson, from Reck to Grady, Oklahoma.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TEACHING OBEDIENCE.

(Continued from last number.)

Notwithstanding the power, however, which Ellen contrived by these and similar means to exercise over Annie's mind, and the promises which Annie made always to obey when she was sent to prison, she once or twice refused to go. She was playing, for example, one sunny morning in March with Rodolphus on the rocks back of her mother's house, in a warm and pleasant corner, which was so sheltered from the wind and so open to the sun that the snow had disappeared entirely from it and the ground had become dry.

Rodolphus and Annie had collected sticks and chips from the ground around, and had built a small fire there, in a little recess in the rocks which they called their chimney. While the children were in the midst of this play, Mrs. Linn coming to the back door of the house, and seeing Annie on the rocks with Rodolphus, and thinking it possible that she might do some mischief or get into some difficulty there, called to her to come down.

"Oh, no, mother," said Annie, "let me stay here a little while with Rodolphus."

"No," said her mother, "you must come down."

"*I* would not go down," said Rodolphus. "She won't care."

Annie was much perplexed and distressed by these conflicting injunctions. She wished very much to stay, but she was unwilling to disobey her mother. She looked first at the little fire which Rodolphus was making, and which was just beginning to burn, and then down to the door of the house where her mother was standing. She was very much at a loss what to do.

Mrs. Linn stood a minute at the door, and then went in.

"There," said Rodolphus, "she has gone in."

So Annie remained and continued to play with Rodolphus.

Rodolphus was right in his opinion that, if Annie were to remain with him, his mother would not care. She did not care. She had a momentary feeling, when she saw Annie on the rocks so high, that she would prefer to have her come in, and so she called her. But this feeling passed away very soon, and Mrs. Linn, when she went into the house, forgot entirely that she had given Annie any such direction.

In a few minutes, however, Ellen, who had heard what had passed, came up the rocks to where Annie was playing, and said to her:

"Come, Annie, mother said that you must come down."

"No," said Annie, "I want to stay up here a little while with Rodolphus."

"Come," said Ellen. As she spoke, she took Annie by the hand and began to lead her down the path toward the house. Annie went very reluctantly, and seemed much out of humor.

"I wish you would ask my mother," said she, "to let me stay up there a little longer."

"Perhaps I will," said Ellen, "but you must obey her first. Obey first, and ask afterward. That is the best rule. Then, besides, you have got to be punished, you know, for disobeying."

But Annie seemed more and more out of humor. On reaching the house, she sat

down upon the step of the door and would not go in; and, when Ellen told her that she must go to her prison and be punished for disobedience, she said:—

"No, I shall not go to my punishment. I am not going to my punishment any more."

Ellen said nothing, but went into the house and resumed her work. In about ten minutes she came back to the door. She found Annie sitting on the step just where she had left her.

"Annie," said she, "are you willing to go to your punishment now?"

"No," said Annie.

"I am very sorry," said Ellen. "You promised me that you would always go to your punishment, and I am very sorry that you break your promise. But I will ask mother to let you go up on the rocks, nevertheless."

So Ellen went in and told Mrs. Linn that she had been up upon the rocks, and that it seemed a safe place there for Annie to play, and asked permission for Annie to go up again, and stay there with Rodolphus a little while.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Linn, "if you think it is a safe place for her."

So Ellen went to Annie again, and, taking her by the hand, she began to lead her up upon the rocks.

"I have asked mother to let you go," said Ellen, "and she says yes, and I hope that you will have a good time, but I do not think you *will* have a good time."

"Why not?" said Annie.

"Why, you will be thinking continually," said Ellen, "that you have been disobeying mother and breaking your promise to me, and that will make you feel guilty and unhappy."

Annie was silent. She knew not what to say.

"If you do feel unhappy," continued Ellen, "while you are there, and conclude that you had better submit to your punishment, after all, you can come down and tell me: only now you will have to be punished twice instead of once."

"What for?" asked Annie.

"Once for disobeying mother, and once for disobeying me," said Ellen. "You disobeyed mother in not coming down when she called you, and you disobeyed me in not going to your punishment for it."

Annie was silent. She saw that she was accumulating guilt by this persistence in wrong, but she could not humble her pride and submit. So Ellen left her with Rodolphus, and went down.—*Jacob Abbott, in "Ellen Linn."*

NATURAL HISTORY.

WINTER PENSIONERS.

Our northern winter is a lean time, ornithologically, though it brings us some choice birds of its own, and it is without many alleviations. When the redpolls come in crowds and the white-winged crossbills in good numbers, both of which things happened last year, the world is not half so bad with us as it might be. Still, winter is winter, a season to be tided over rather than doted upon, and anything which helps to make the time pass agreeably is matter for thankfulness. So I am asked to write something about the habit we are in at our house of feeding birds in cold weather, and thus keeping them under the windows. Really we have done nothing peculiar, nor has our success been beyond that of many of our neighbors; but, such as it is, the work has given us much enjoyment.

Our method is to put out pieces of raw suet, mostly the trimmings of beefsteak. These we attach to branches of trees and to the veranda trellis, taking pains, of course, to have them beyond the cat's reach (that the birds may feed safely), and at the same time well disposed for our own convenience as spectators. For myself, in addition, I generally nail pieces of the bait upon one or two of the outer sills of my study windows. I like, as I sit reading or writing, to hear now and then a nuthatch or a chickadee hammering just outside the pane. Often I rise to have a look at the visitor. There is nothing but the glass between us, and I can stand near enough to see his beady eyes and, so to speak, the expression of his face. Sometimes two birds are there at once, one waiting for the other. Sometimes they have a bit of a set-to. Then, certainly, they are not without facial expression.

Once in a while, in severe weather, I have sprinkled crumbs (sweet or fatty crumbs are best—say bits of doughnut) on the inside ledge, and then, with the window raised a few inches, have awaited callers. If the weather is bad enough, they are not long in coming. A chickadee alights on the outer sill, notices the open window, scolds a little (the thing looks like a trap—at all events it is something new, and birds are conservative), catches sight of the crumbs (well, now, that's another story), ceases his *dee, dee, dee,* and the next minute hops inside.

The crumbs prove to be appetizing, and by the time he has swallowed a few of them he seems to forget how he came in, and, instead of backing out, as a reasonable being like a chickadee might be expected to do, he flies

to another light of the bay window. Then, lest he should injure himself, I must get up and catch him and show him to the door. By the time I have done this two or three times within half an hour, I begin to find it an interruption to other work, and put down the window. White-breasted nuthatches and downies come often to the outer sill, but only the chickadees ever venture inside.

These three are our daily pensioners. If they are all in the tree together, as they very often are, they take precedence at the larder, according to their size. No nuthatch presumes to hurry a woodpecker, and no chickadee ever thinks of disturbing a nuthatch. He may fret audibly, calling the other fellow greedy, for aught I know, and asking him if he wants the earth; but he maintains a respectful distance. Birds, like wild things in general, have a natural reverence for size and weight.

The chickadees are much the most numerous with us, but, taking the year together, the woodpeckers are the most constant. My notes record them as present in the middle of October, 1899, and now in the middle of October, 1900, they are still in daily attendance. Perhaps there were a few weeks of midsummer when they stayed away, but I think not. One pair built a nest somewhere in the neighborhood, and depended on us largely for supplies, much to their convenience and our pleasure. As soon as the redcapped young ones were able to fly, the parents brought them to the tree and fed them with the suet (it was a wonder how much of it they could eat), till they were old enough to help themselves. And they act, old and young alike, as if they owned the place. If a grocer's wagon happens to stop under the tree, they wax indignant, and remain so till it drives away. Even the black cat, Satan, has come to acknowledge their rights in the case, and no longer so much as thinks of them as possible game.

I have spoken, I see, as if these three species were all; but, not to mention the blue jays, whose continual visits are rather ineffectively frowned upon (they carry off too much at once), we had last winter, for all the latter half of it, a pair of red-bellied nuthatches. They dined with us daily (pretty creatures they are), and stayed so late in the spring that I began to hope the handy food supply would induce them to tarry for the summer. They were mates, I think. At any rate, they preferred to eat from the same bit of fat, one on each side, in great contrast with all the rest of our company. Frequently, too, a brown creeper would be seen hitching up the trunk or over the larger limbs! He likes pleasant society, though he has little to say, and perhaps found scraps of suet in the crevices of the bark, where the chickadees, who are given to this kind of providence, may have packed it in store. Somewhat less frequently a goldcrest would come with the others, fluttering amid the branches like a sprite. One bird draws another, especially in hard times. And so it happened that our tree, or rather trees,—an elm and a maple,—were something like an aviary the whole winter through. It was worth more than all the trouble which the experiment cost us to lie in bed before sunrise, with the mercury below zero, and hear a chickadee just outside singing as sweetly as any thrush could sing in June. If he had been trying to thank us, he could not have done it more gracefully.

The worse the weather, the better we enjoyed the birds' society; and the better, in general, they seemed to appreciate our efforts on their behalf. It was noticeable, however, that chickadees were with us comparatively little during high, cold winds. On the 18th of February, for example, we had a blizzard, with driving snow, the most inclement day of the winter. At seven o'clock when I looked out, four downy woodpeckers were in the elm, all trying their best to eat, though the branches shook till it was hard work to hold on. They stayed much of the forenoon. At ten o'clock, when the storm showed signs of abating, though it was still wild enough, a chickadee made his appearance and whistled *phœbe* again and again—"a long time," my note says— in his cheeriest manner. Who can help loving a bird so courageous, "so frolic, stout, and self-possest"? Emerson did well to call him a "scrap of valor." Yet I find from a later note that "there were nothing like the usual number of chickadees so long as the fury lasted." Doubtless most of them stayed among the evergreens. It is an old saying of the chickadee's, frequently quoted, "Be bold, be bold, but not too bold." On the same day I saw a member of the household snowballing an English sparrow away from one branch, while a downy woodpecker continued to feed upon the next one. The woodpecker had got the right idea of things. Honest folk need not fear the constable.

He (the chickadee) is, par excellence, the bird of the merry heart. There is a notion current, to be sure, that all birds are merry; but that is one of those second-hand opinions which a man who begins to observe for himself soon finds it necessary to give up. With many birds life is a hard struggle. Enemies are numerous, and the food supply is too often scanty. Of some species it is very probable

that very few die in their beds. But the chickadee seems to be exempt from all forebodings. His coat is thick, his heart is brave, and, whatever may happen, something will be found to eat. "Take no thought for the morrow," is his creed, which he accepts, not "for substance of doctrine," but literally. No matter how bitter the wind or how deep the snow, you will never find the chickadee, as the saying is, "under the weather." It is this perennial good humor, I suppose, which makes other birds so fond of his companionship; and their example might well be heeded by persons who suffer from fits of depression. Such unfortunates could hardly do better than court the society of the joyous tit. His whistles and chirps, his graceful feats of climbing and hanging, and, withal, his engaging familiarity (for of course such good-nature as his could not consist with suspiciousness) would most likely send them home in a more Christian mood. The time will come, we may hope, when doctors will prescribe bird-gazing instead of blue pill.

To illustrate the chickadee's trustfulness, I may mention that a friend of mine captured one in a butterfly-net, and, carrying him into the house, let him loose in the sitting-room. The little stranger was at home immediately, and, seeing the window full of plants, proceeded to go over them carefully, picking off the lice with which such window-gardens are always more or less infested. A little later he was taken into my friend's lap, and soon he climbed up to his shoulder, where, after hopping about for a few minutes on his coat collar, he selected a comfortable roosting place, tucked his head under his wing, and went to sleep, and slept on undisturbed while carried from one room to another. Probably the chickadee's nature is not of the deepest. I have never seen him when his joy rose to ecstasy. Still, his feelings are not shallow, and the faithfulness of the pair to each other and to their offspring is of the highest order. The female has sometimes to be taken off the nest, and even to be held in the hand, before the eggs can be examined.—*Bradford Torrey.*

JOHN MILTON.

BORN, 9TH DECEMBER, 1608.
DIED, 8TH NOVEMBER, 1674.

When John Milton withdrew from public life on the restoration of the Monarchy, he carried into his retirement three projects wherewith to occupy the varied energies of his fertile genius. He would write an Epic; he would compile a Latin Dictionary; and he would draw up, from the Scriptures alone, a body of Christian Divinity.

Very different have been the fortunes of the three engagements which were to fill his imaginative, his scholastic, and his religious leisure. "Paradise Lost" is the wonder of the world. It is Milton. It is that for which we prize and extol him, that which secures him in undisputed possession of one of the loftiest thrones in European literature. The Dictionary was never completed; and the fate of the three large volumes of manuscript which represented the result of Milton's labors towards it, is singular. They were utilized by his nephew Edward Phillips, through whom they went to enrich the later editions of a famous Latin dictionary by Dr. Adam Littleton, whose principles, both in Church and State, were the reverse of Miltonic. Aiming at the right upbringing of school-boys, he gravely assures them that the Latin for "Wig" is *homo fanaticus, factiosus;* he further informs them that the English of *concurro* is "to concur, to condog." Milton's third scheme, the body of Scriptural Divinity, was duly executed by him; yet it slumbered for a century and a half among a bundle of papers on a shelf in the Record office, and did not see the light in print till 1825.

Poet, scholar, theologian,—these were the lights in which Milton would have chiefly shone before the men of his own time had the choice of his ambition been given to him. These, too, are the aspects in which he chiefly appears to us of a later day; though to most of us his learning and his theology are known only as they adorn and color the wondrous epic which prints his name on the roll of greatness. Yet by his contemporaries he was not prominently recognized in any one of these characters. A few friends knew the secret of his learned privacy. A few of the choicer and more cultivated spirits were in harmony with the genius of his matchless poetry. Dryden could write of "Paradise Lost" as "one of the greatest, most noble, and sublime poems which either this age or nation hath produced." Yet he thought of improving it by turning it into rhyme. To the vast majority of men Milton was little more than a politician who had survived his day, and whose past triumphs in argument had been reversed by the return to power of the party whose pretensions he had most strenuously opposed.

Milton, as a political writer, has been described by one of his modern critics as "a pamphleteer of original genius"; and the description tersely conveys the account both

of the first popularity and the subsequent neglect of his political writings. All controversial writings, whether political or religious, are in some degree ephemeral in their character. It is because Milton was something more than a mere controversialist that his works are still referred to, and praised even where they are not read. This something more is to be looked for, not so much in the commanding majesty of his style, with its unsparing energy of invective, as in that strenuous grasp of great principles which was the outcome of high purity of motive.

People will not, we had almost said cannot, follow Milton's long and grandly conceived periods. The stately procession of his prose ill consists with the short, pithy, broken newspaper sentences of to-day. Edward Irving, among moderns, most nearly approaches to the Miltonic grandeur and involution; and in Irving's writings we find the flavor of an antique greatness, already; they are old before their time. Two works, however, of Milton's prose will last as long as the English tongue endures. These are his "Letter on Education" and his "Areopagitica: A Speech to the Parliament of England for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." His views on education may even now be called Utopian, but on many points he was only anticipating the verdict of present opinion on this most momentous of subjects. These two works, both published in in the same year (1644), will live forever. Not so, perhaps, at least not with an independent life, his "Defences of the English People," because no one will now think of challenging those rights which Milton upheld with a mighty vindication, and, in doing so, made one of the most glorious displays of self-sacrifice that patriotism ever offered. Already he had greatly injured his eyes by study, and his physicians assured him that, unless he abandoned studious labor, he must lose his sight. "Upon this occasion," says he, "I reflected that many had purchased with a superior evil a lighter good; namely, glory by death. To me, on the contrary, greater good was proposed, with an inferior evil, so that by incurring blindness alone I might fulfil the most honorable of duties." Again he says: "It is not miserable to be blind. He only is miserable who cannot acquiesce in his blindness with fortitude."

—*The Christian Life.*

There is nothing in life so earnestly to be sought as character and probity.—*Cicero.*

HOME RELIGION.

"I believe in home religion," said Bob Stephens, "but not in the outward show of it. The best sort of religion is that which one keeps at the bottom of his heart, and which goes up thence quietly through all his actions, and not the kind that comes through a certain routine of forms and ceremonies. Do you suppose family prayers, now, and a blessing at meals, make people any better?"

"Depend upon it, Robert," said my wife,—she always calls him Robert on Sunday evenings,—"depend upon it, we are not so very much wiser than our fathers were, that we need depart from their good old ways. Of course I would have religion in the heart and spreading quietly through the life; but does this interfere with those outward, daily acts of respect and duty which we owe to our Creator? It is too much the slang of our day to decry forms, and to exalt the excellency of the spirit in opposition to them; but tell me, are you satisfied with friendship that has none of the outward forms of friendship, or love that has none of the outward forms of love? Are you satisfied of the existence of a sentiment that has no outward mode of expression? Even the old heathen had their pieties. They would not begin the feast without a libation to their divinities, and there was a shrine in every well-regulated house for household gods."

"The trouble with all these things," said Bob, "is that they get to be mere forms. I never could see that family worship amounted to much more in most families."

"The outward expression of all good things is apt to degenerate into mere form," said I. "The outward expression of social good feeling becomes a mere form; but for that reason must we meet each other like oxen? not say 'Good-morning,' or 'Good evening,' or 'I am happy to see you'? Must we never use any of the forms of mutual good will except in those moments when we are excited by a real, present emotion? What would become of society? Forms are, so to speak, a daguerrotype of a past good feeling, meant to take and keep the impression of it when it is gone. Our best and most inspired moments are crystallized in them, and even when the spirit that created them is gone they help to bring it back. Every one must be conscious that the use of the forms of social benevolence, even towards those who are personally unpleasant to us, tends to ameliorate prejudices. We see a man entering our door who is a weary bore, but we use with him those forms of

civility which society prescribes, and feel far kinder to him than if we had shut the door in his face and said, 'Go along, you tiresome fellow!' Now why does not this very obvious philosophy apply to better and higher feelings? The forms of religion are as much more necessary than the forms of politeness and social good will as religion is more important than all other things."

"Besides," said my wife, "a form of worship kept up from year to year in a family,—the assembling of parents and children for a few sacred moments each day,—though it may be a form many times, especially in the gay and thoughtless hours of life, often becomes invested with deep sacredness in times of trouble, or in those crises that rouse our deeper feelings. In sickness, in bereavement, in separation, the daily prayer at home has a sacred and healing power. Then we remember the scattered and wandering ones, and the scattered and wandering think tenderly of that hour when they know they are remembered. I know, when I was a young girl, I was often thoughtless and careless about family prayers; but now that my father and mother are gone forever, there is nothing I recall more often. I remember the great old family Bible, the hymn-book, the chair where father used to sit. I see him as he looked bending over that Bible more than in any other way, and expressions and sentences in his prayers which fell unheeded on my ears in those days have often come back to me like comforting angels. We are not aware of the influence things are having on us till we have left them far behind in years. When we have summered and wintered them, and look back on them from changed times and other days, we find that they were making their mark upon us, though we knew it not."

"I have often admired," said I, "the stateliness and regularity of family worship in good old families in England,—the servants, guests, and children all assembled,—the reading of the Scriptures and the daily prayers by the master or mistress of the family, ending with the united repetition of the Lord's Prayer by all."

"No such assemblage is possible in our country," said Bob. "Our servants are, for the most part, Roman Catholics, and forbidden by their religion to join with us in acts of worship."

"The greater the pity," said I. "It is a pity that all Christians who can conscientiously repeat the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer together should for any reason be forbidden to do so. It would do more to harmonize our families and promote good feeling between masters and servants, to meet once a day on the religious ground common to both, than many sermons on reciprocal duties."

"But, while the case is so," said Marianne "we can't help it. Our servants cannot unite with us. Our daily prayers are something forbidden to them."

"We cannot in this country," said I, "give to family prayer that solemn stateliness which it has in a country where religion is a civil institution, and masters and servants, as a matter of course, belong to one church."

"The fact is," said I, "that we realize very fully all the objections and difficulties of the experiments in living that we have tried; but the difficulties in others that we are intending to try have not yet come to light. The Puritan Sabbath had great and very obvious evils. Its wearisome restraints and over-strictness cast a gloom on religion and arrayed against the day itself the active prejudices that now are undermining it and threatening its extinction. But it had great merits and virtues, and produced effects on society that we cannot well afford to dispense with. The clearing of a whole day from all possibilities of labor and amusement necessarily produced a grave and thoughtful people, and a democratic republic can be carried on by no other. In lands which have Sabbaths of mere amusement, mere gala days, republics rise and fall as quick as children's card-houses; and the reason is, they are built by those whose political and religious education has been childish. The common people of Europe have been sedulously nursed on amusements by the reigning powers, to keep them from meddling with serious matters. Their religion has been sensuous and sentimental, and their Sabbaths thoughtless holidays. The common people of New England are educated to think, to reason, to examine all questions of politics and religion for themselves, and one deeply thoughtful day every week baptizes and strengthens their reflective and reasoning faculties. The Sunday-schools of Paris are whirligigs where Young France rides round and round on little hobby-horses till his brain spins even faster than Nature made it to spin, and, when he grows up, his political experiments are as whirligig as his Sunday education. If I were to choose between the Sabbath of France and the old Puritan Sabbath, I should hold up both hands for the latter, with all its objectionable features."

Men rise the higher as their task is high.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

T	O	N	L	E	N	O	T	R	S	D
G	N	I	L	F	G	L	H	O	W	R
A	S	H	O	H	A	M	N	H	E	A
W	R	C	V	A	A	L	L	O	N	W
E	G	I		R	B	I	N	C	R	Y

By beginning at a certain letter, and following a path using no letter twice, the names of three persons born in February may be spelled.

II.

BEHEADINGS.

1. I am a word meaning to impart knowledge: behead me, and I am every one, two or more.

2. I am a word meaning to deride: behead me, and I am a near relative.

3. I am a symbol of grief: behead me, and I am a part of the body.

4. I am a word meaning a misstep: behead me, and I am a place torn.

5. I am a word meaning a narrative: behead me, and I am a drink.

—*Selected.*

III.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 34 letters.
My 7, 22, 15, is an animal.
My 28, 11, 34, is the diocese of a bishop.
My 1, 20, 30, 14, is an advancing swell on the surface of the sea.
My 10, 26, 32, 8, 20, 5, 18, is a small assemblage of houses.
My 2, 9, 29, is a farm tool.
My 13, 31, 17, 25, is a home for bees.
My 4, 23, 19, 34, is to think closely.
My 27, 3, 12, 18, is a part of the face.
My 6, 16, 33, is a fluid used for light.
My 21, 31, 24, is a pronoun.
My whole is a Spanish proverb.

IV.

TRANSPOSED WORDS.

1 Transpose a fruit, and get to cut (grain) with a scythe.

2. Transpose a promontory, and get a step.

3. Transpose to subdue, and get an officer of a merchant ship.

4. Transpose a narrow woven fabric used for strings, and get a kind of fuel.

5. Transpose a large body of water, and get a cabbage whose leaves do not form a head.

Answers to Puzzles in the January Number.

I. AN ACROSTIC.

S A C R A M E N T O
S T O N I N G T O N
H A R R I S B U R G
S E B A S T O P O L
A B B O T S F O R D
D I P H T H E R I A
W O O N S O C K E T
M A T T E R H O R N
P A R L I A M E N T
C A S S I O P E I A

II. MAGAZINE PUZZLE.—1. *Century.* 2. *Atlantic.* 3. *New England.* 4. *Delineator.* 5. *Youth's Companion.* 6. *St. Nicholas.* 7 *Outlook.* 8. *Cosmopolitan* 9. *Education.* 10. *Harper.* 11. *Black Cat.* 12. *Every Other Sunday.*

III. HALF SQUARE.

L E N T
E G O
N O
T

IV. DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Harrison, Buchanan.

V. HISTORIC AMERICANS.—1. Washington. 2. Madison. 3. Jay. 4. Franklin. 5. Lincoln. 6. Grant. 7. Webster. 8. Taylor.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The address of the new chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, February 5, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

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It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to Headquarters.

The Editor asks POSTMASTERS who send notices of changes of address not to send these notices to the Editor, but to the Secretary, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.